

# Page Made by and for Our Club Members

## Special Prizes Offered to Our Boys and Girls

Dear Children of the Club:

Suppose we go to work to make the summer season the most enjoyable. Page the very best that have ever appeared in The Times-Dispatch.

Now that school days and work days are over, we can afford to think about the Fourth of July, the battle of Gettysburg, fought July 1st to 3rd, in the year 1863, and the battle of Manassas, fought July 21st, in 1862.

The American eagle screams loudly on July 4th. Can you tell me what it has to scream about? Do you know where the American nation found its eagle and what it symbolizes in American history? In looking at the American eagle, have you ever discovered a difference between it and the eagles used by other nations, ancient and modern?

Can you tell me what nations of antiquity had the eagle as a symbol, and what nations of to-day retain its use? Do you know what the red and blue mean in the American flag, that will unfurl so proudly to the breeze, on July fourth. Have you counted the stars on the flag and thought of their meaning? Do you know how many stars have been added since the "American flag" first flew?

The cannon will speak aloud on Independence Day. What do you know of the powder with which these cannons will be charged? Who first made powder, and when was it first used in battle? And the firecrackers, and the baby-walkers and the sky-rockets! Who are the inventors and manufacturers of all these Fourth-of-July explosives, that render the day so memorable to children?

The date of the great battle of Gettysburg precedes that of the Fourth. It was and is, acknowledged to be the decisive struggle of the war between the States. It has had great influence on Southern history. Do you know where it was fought? Can you tell the names of the great Southern and Northern generals who commanded the soldiers on that day? Do you know what battle, fought by the first Napoleon against the allied forces, has often been compared to the battle of Gettysburg? Do you remember the charge made by the Southern soldiers at Gettysburg? Who, in the charge, and who were in it?

The first battle of Manassas, or the battle of Bull Run, as it is often called, was also the first great struggle of the war between the States. It took place July 21st, 1862. Where was the battle fought? Who led the Southern troops to victory then? Who commanded the Northern forces? Whose coming turned the tide of the battle?

You may think that I am transformed into an interrogator by the questions I have suggested to you, but when you have answered them, you will be so much interested that you will know why I have put them.

Now listen: To the child who makes the very best drawing referring to July 4th, or the battle of Gettysburg, or the battle of Manassas, a prize will be awarded and the drawing will be given a place of honor on the page. For the best illustrated Fourth of July story, a prize will be bestowed. For the best illustrated story on the battle of Gettysburg, and the battle of Bull Run, prizes will also be given.

You have plenty of time in which to think and write about the subjects suggested. These prize stories and drawings will be published on Sunday, July 1st, and the winning children will be notified.

Now, children, the work is cut out for you, and four prizes are offered. What are you going to do about them? I am quite sure I know, but I will wait and see.

**THE WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.**

Sallie W. Respey, No. 183 South Main Street, Danville, Va., for drawing of a "Gibson Girl".

Sue C. Walker, No. 700 Euclid Avenue, Lynchburg, Va., for first installment of story entitled "The Lost Princess".

Willie Callaway, Norwood, Nelson county, Va., for story entitled "Fred's Dream".

**CONTRIBUTORS FOR THE WEEK.**

Anderson, P. N., Lyons, Catherine C., Bahklo, Marguerite, Manlio, Alice, Bahklo, Herbert, Morris, Zella T., Baze, Margaret, Moore, Virginia L., Barron, Beckie, Moll, William J., Browder, Jessie A., McCraw, Louisa H., Bullitt, Julia, Pollard, Eugene A., Bryant, Ben, Pittard, Mattie O., Carnell, Alma, Purdy, Frances, Coyner, Gertrude, Conitt, Elsie M., Calloway, Willie, Cordes, Amanda, Clemen, Norma S., Cordes, August, Clemen, Madge, Ford, Carrie, Gilliam, Irene, Hughes, Gertrude, Haislip, Basil V., Thompson, Harold, Harwood, Alfreda, Travers, Louis, Haislip, Madge, Hutzler, Harold, Walker, Sue D., Johnson, Marion, Willis, Elsie, Johnson, Annie L., Wells, Julia C., Kelley, Mamie, Wells, Grace L.

**RAINBOW.**

The rainbow is pretty. It has seven colors; they are red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet. The rainbow is long and round. One evening it rained and I went to the yard to see the rainbow. It was in the yard and saw the rainbow. He ran back into the house and asked his mother to go to the end of the rainbow, and she told him that he might go so he ran as fast as he could, but he got so tired he couldn't go any farther without resting. He was so tired he fell fast asleep. When he woke it was too late for him to go to the end of the rainbow, and then he went back home and told his mother that somebody got the bag of gold while he slept.

Warner, Va. MAY WOOLLY BRAY.

**HOW TO WORK.**

When you're told to do a thing (And mean to do it really), Never let it be by halves. Do it fully, freely.

Do not make a poor excuse. Waiting, weak, unsteady; All obedience worth the name, Must be proved, and done.

Selected by EDWARD BARNES.

615 N. Twenty-seventh Street, Richmond, Va.

**THE RAINBOW.**

Boats sail on the rivers. And ships sail on the seas; But clouds that cross the sky Are prettier far than these. There are bridges on the river, And bridges on the land; But the bow that bridges Heaven And overtops the trees, And builds a path from earth to sky, Is prettier far than these.

By LIE PASSAMANECK.

## SOME OF THE WEEK'S BEST DRAWINGS BY CLUB MEMBERS.



### A WINTER DAY

On a cold wintry day in December a few girls, and I, planned for a long sleigh ride in the country. It had been snowing all the day before, and that night. We planned to go the next morning. It being Saturday, we did not have to go to school or study our lessons for Monday, because we had studied them all the night before. I went to bed early that night and got up early the following morning. Then eating our breakfast and fixing our lunch, we were ready to start by ten o'clock. By that time the sun was up and each tail, tapering blue was wrapped in a pure white blanket of snow. Everything looked beautiful, even the bare, brown branches of the trees were all clothed in white.

We started at ten o'clock and the wind was blowing very hard. When we had gone about two miles in the country we met an old woman who was begging for something to eat or something to wear. She had a very poor little barefooted child, who had no father nor any body to care for them except the mother, and she was so old that she could not do anything for them, so as to earning money, and they were two young to do it for themselves.

We followed her to her home, which was a little hut with most of the window panes broken out, and no fire to warm them.

We felt very sorry for them, so on returning home in the afternoon we went up in the third story and found some warm clothes for them, and we carried them plenty to eat and some money.

We started off again the next morning with the money, clothes and food for them. We soon arrived there and did not leave until we saw that they had been clothed and fed plentifully.

When we left the faces of the children and also of the mother, looked much better than they had looked for many years.

We arrived home feeling very much relieved, and also feeling that we had done a great deal of good. We have always felt that God must have guided us out there to that lonely little hut, where that deserted mother and child were.

ELISIE WILLIS.

606 Armistead Avenue, Hampton, Va.

### A SUMMER SHOWER.

Welcome rain or tempest from you airy powers, And earth is sick and wan And pines with all her flowers.

What have they been doing in the burning June? Riding with the gent? Or visiting the moon? Or sleeping on the ice amid an Arctic noon?

Bring their with them jewels from the sunset lands? What hither come they scatter With such lavish hands? There are no brighter gems in Goldconda's stands.

Pattering on the gravels, Dropping from the caves, Gleaming on the grass and tinkling on the leaves.

They flash the liquid pearls as flung from fairy sleeves.

Selected by FRANCES PURDY.

No. 141 Bainbridge Street, Manchester, Va.

### A QUEER DUCK.

One evening when I was coming home, after eating supper with my sister, our attention was attracted by a neighbor, who was clipping ducks' tails. We were asked to go and watch her clip twelve little tails. After the operations was over she showed us the funniest little duck I ever saw. It was a three-footed duck. The two legs that had grown together were shorter than the other. I have seen low ducks, but never in my ten years of life have I seen a duck with three legs before.

JULIA BULLITT.

Big Stone Gap, Va.

### THEY REST.

Everybody works but the School Board, They work through the schools all day, Making rules for the children, Trying to make them obey.

Mr. Fox asks us questions, So does Mr. Lilly, Everybody works but the School Board, They are resting.

MADELINE BOZIE.

### AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A DOG.

When I was very tiny, indeed, before my eyes were opened, my cruel master threw me into the creek intending to drown me, but a little boy of seven hearing my piteous wails rescued me. He fed me in a bottle and cared for me until I was four years old. Then the doctor said he must go to Europe, so of course, I was left behind. But before he went he gave me to old Aunt Chloe, who promised faithfully to care for me; but I soon grew tired of the meagre food and hard bed, so I deliberately ran away. I thought I would try town this time, so I stopped at a doctor's office. The doctor (who was a bachelor) kept me two years. He was very kind and called me Napoleon. My young master called me Spot.

The doctor said that I was too ex-

### THE EAGLE AND THE CHILD.

Mena lived in Switzerland in a beautiful valley surrounded by mountains. On the high peaks the great eagles built their nests and reared their young. There were no wild beasts to attack the flocks, but the farmers watched their lambs closely for fear the eagles would swoop down on them from the mountains and carry them off.

Mena had a little sister not yet a year old, and she loved her very dearly. So careful was her mother used to let her take baby out of doors, where she could enjoy the cool breezes and watch the clouds for hours at a time. One day when the baby was asleep on her little blanket while Mena was singing her a little song, and Mena softly moved about her, gathering a bouquet of wild flowers. Suddenly a great shadow moved over the grass and a great eagle flew down and grasping the baby in its strong talons flew away with it toward the mountains. Mena and her mamma at the loss of their darling, but the baby was never seen again.

Selected by ALMA C. CARNEAL.

Benzley, Va.

### LOST IN THE WOODS.

One day while we were in the woods, where the birds sang away their tuneful songs, little Rosa got lost. She was five years of age. Her hair was long and curly, her skin fair. We were in the woods, where the birds sang away their tuneful songs. All of us were playing and eating lunch, which our mother gave us. While we were playing we saw a beautiful butterfly after which Rosa ran. She got lost in the thick wood. We hallowed and screamed, but we heard no sound. We kept on calling, "Rosa, Rosa, we are here!" and the birds sang away their tuneful songs. Little Rosa got lost. She was five years of age. Her hair was long and curly, her skin fair. We were in the woods, where the birds sang away their tuneful songs. All of us were playing and eating lunch, which our mother gave us. While we were playing we saw a beautiful butterfly after which Rosa ran. She got lost in the thick wood. We hallowed and screamed, but we heard no sound. We kept on calling, "Rosa, Rosa, we are here!" and the birds sang away their tuneful songs.

Selected by DORA VITSKY.

No. 539 North Seventh Street, city.

### LUCILE'S PARTY.

Lucile was lonesome. Kate and Grace, her larger sisters, had gone to a birthday party given by a little friend of theirs. Lucile wanted to go, too, but her mother said no. Lucile was so small to go to a party. After her sisters had gone, she was very lonesome; so she went out and sat on the steps. After a while the cat came up. "Oh, Tabby," cried Lucile, "where are Spot and Gray?" They were Tabby's kittens. When they came out their mother looked them out to give them a lesson in catching birds. Lucile went to talk to Bridget, but Bridget was not in a talking mood, so she did not stay long; but when she went back to her room, she found that Tabby and her kittens had come back from their hunt and were playing in the yard. "I will have a party," she thought; "but who could come to it?" Mamma had a headache and was lying down and Bridget did not have time. All at once she thought of a plan. "I will have a party and invite my dolls and cats." Off she ran to get her dolls and tea set. She sat her dolls down on the steps and went to get some thing to eat. She got some bread, butter, jam and milk. The dolls waited to be fed, but the cats did not. They helped themselves to the bread, butter and milk, but did not care for the jam. When mamma's head got easy and she came down she found her little girl having a nice time with her dolls and cats.

JESSIE A. BROUDER.

Tobacco, Va.

### A DOLL PARTY.

"Mamma," said Violet, "I want to have a birthday party, but I'd like it to be different from most parties."

"Well, what can you have different?" asked Mrs. King.

"O, I've thought of something," answered Violet. "I want a doll's party and invite Herbert and Blanche, Frank and Bessie and Edward."

"All right," replied her mother, "you may go and ask them now."

While the doll party was being planned, Violet was ready and waiting for her friends. Soon the household help the guests into the playroom, where Violet was sitting.

### THE BATTLE.

The bugle is wildly blowing To the soldiers brave and true, And the cannon is rapidly firing In the face of the coming foe.

And the soldiers are fast falling By the score of fifty and sixty, And half are left to come home To their mothers sad and weary.

Half are wounded and dead And gone to the land of peace, But their names are still noted with fame.

And honored with glory and peace.

AUGUST CORDES.

No. 139 Rider Avenue, Patchogue, N. Y.

### THE RIGHT PAPER.

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There was a boy in our town Who was so wonderful true. That he became a Dispatch agent And tried to win a prize.

And as it was in the summer time He went with him and main. And while the others took it slow He made the biggest gain.

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### THE PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The charade by A. Ruth Harris: Onion. Vegetables. The charade by Agatha Walker: Amazon-River. The charade by Mamie Averett: Yesterday.

By GERTRUDE HUGHES.

No. 1121 Bainbridge Street, Manchester, Va.

To illustrated acrostic-Memorial Day.

1. Lifeline; 2. Isabelle; 3. Alfred; 4. Bertha; 5. Ruby; 6. Agnes; 7. Edith; 8. Anna; 9. Henry; 10. Ralph; 11. Elsie; 12. Arthur; 13. Maud; 14. Grace; 15. Nanette; 16. Philip; 17. Walter; 18. Ben.

To Flower Puzzle:

Magnolia. Columbine. Tuberosa. Narcissus. Pinks. Nasturtium. Portulaca. Jonquil. Anemone.

MARY HUTCHISON.

To charade by Lola Bagby: "Croquet." To charade by Lucy Jackson: Robert-Son-Shakespeare.

To jumbled cities: 1. Albany; 2. Baltimore; 3. Denver; 4. Cleveland; 5. Fredericks; 6. Guthrie; 8. Helena; 9. Illinois; 10. Joliet; 11. Lynchburg; 12. Richmond; 13. Mantowice; 14. Natchez; 15. Paducah; 16. Jansville; 17. Walker.

SUB WALKER.

To a Memorial Monument:

E D L I M P S O D I R E F I E R A Y C A D D Y G R A V E P L A Y I N G P A Y S O N R E V E B R O U E 408 1-2 North Eighth Street.

### FRED'S DREAM.

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"You had better stop eating huckleberries," said his father, laughing.

Although Fred had a story about huckleberries, he was very careful about the quantity and time he ate them.

WILLIAM GALLAWAY.

Norwood, Nelson Co., Va.

### A LOVING DAUGHTER.

It is told of Gustavus III. of Sweden that one day when hunting he got separated from his attendants and fell into a spring. Being a little girl filling her pitcher, she saw a very thirsty after his hunt he asked her for a draught of the cool water. She gave him the pitcher with a smile, and may it be said that the girl was a loving daughter. The King took a long draught. Giving her back the pitcher he asked who she was and where she lived. The little girl gave him very modest answers to all his questions, and he was so pleased with her behavior that he offered to provide for her at his court, telling her at the same time who he was. But she refused, thanking him for so splendid an offer; for she said she had a sick mother who had no one to look after her and work for her. Gustavus asked if he might come and see the cottage where they lived, and she said she would take him there. He was so struck with the child's devotion that when he went away he gave the woman a purse full of gold, and a little while afterwards he settled on her a comfortable pension, which was to be her daughter's after her death.

Selected by IRA REID.

23 E. Canal Street, city.

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23 E. Canal Street, city.

### A DOLL PARTY.

"Mamma," said Violet, "I want to have a birthday party, but I'd like it to be different from most parties."

"Well, what can you have different?" asked Mrs. King.

"O, I've thought of something," answered Violet. "I want a doll's party and invite Herbert and Blanche, Frank and Bessie and Edward."

"All right," replied her mother, "you may go and ask them now."

While the doll party was being planned, Violet was ready and waiting for her friends. Soon the household help the guests into the playroom, where Violet was sitting.

### THE BATTLE.

The bugle is wildly blowing To the soldiers brave and true, And the cannon is rapidly firing In the face of the coming foe.

And the soldiers are fast falling By the score of fifty and sixty, And half are left to come home To their mothers sad and weary.

Half are wounded and dead And gone to the land of peace, But their names are still noted with fame.

And honored with glory and peace.

AUGUST CORDES.

No. 139 Rider Avenue, Patchogue, N. Y.

### THE RIGHT PAPER.

Jack Strat would read no news, Unless he knew 'twas true. The way he always got that kind Was to read the Dispatch all through.

There was a boy in our town Who was so wonderful true. That he became a Dispatch agent And tried to win a prize.

And as it was in the summer time He went with him and main. And while the others took it slow He made the biggest gain.

Emporia, Va. JOHN O. STEVENS.

## Letters From The Children

Dear Editor-I do not skip a Sunday that I look at the T. D. C. I am a little boy would like to become a member. Please send me a badge. RABIE PASSAMANECK. 1115 N. Main St., City.

Dear Editor-I will send you some of my drawings, and hope they will be published in the Sunday paper. Please send me a badge, as I would like to become a member of your T. D. C. Your new members can answer it. RUTH OMEGA JOHNSON. Granite, Va.

Dear Editor-I have been reading the children's page, and I would like to become a member of the T. D. C. I am a little boy ten years old. Please send me a badge. HAROLD THOMPSON. Taylorville, Hanover County, Va.

Dear Editor-I will send you a drawing which I hope will please you and escape the trash basket, and also will be a prize, as I have never gotten one. I will close with love to the members of the T. D. C. ALICE MANTLO. 611 N. Eighteenth St., City.

Dear Editor-I was very much disappointed at not seeing my letter to the T. D. C. C. published, but I will try again. I would like a badge, as I lost mine. Your little member. EUGENIA POLLARD. 1015 N. Thirteenth St., Richmond, Va.

Dear Editor-Please publish this piece in the Sunday paper. I have been reading it and I had a badge, but I broke it, and would like to have another. Your little friend. LEE ROZE. 921 N. Twentieth St., Fairmont, Va.

Dear Editor-I will send you a charade, as I didn't send anything last week, and I hope very much to see it in print. I would like to see the members of the T. D. C. I will close. I remain as ever a member. LACROSSA, Va. MATTIE O. PITTARD.

Dear Editor-Enclosed you will find a story of a duck that I saw this evening. I hope you will like it. I will close with love to the members of the T. D. C. I will close. I remain as ever a member. JULIA BULLITT. Big Stone Gap, Va.

Dear Editor-I will write a little poetry, and I hope you will send me a badge and put my poem in the paper. I will close with love to the members of the T. D. C. I will close. I remain as ever a member. JULIA BULLITT. Big Stone Gap, Va.

Dear Editor-I will write you a little poetry, which I hope you will place in The Times-Dispatch. I hope you will send me a badge, as I have been reading it and I would like to see the members of the T. D. C. I will close. I remain as ever a member. JULIA BULLITT. Big Stone Gap, Va.

Dear Editor-I wish to join the T. D. C. C. I will send you a story, and I hope you will like it. I will close with love to the members of the T. D. C. I will close. I remain as ever a member. JULIA BULLITT. Big Stone Gap, Va.

Dear Editor-I have been reading The Times-Dispatch about two months, and I think it is a fine paper. I am sending you a picture of a duck that I saw this evening. I hope you will like it. I will close with love to the members of the T. D. C. I will close. I remain as ever a member. JULIA BULLITT. Big Stone Gap, Va.

Dear Editor-I received my prize and am very much pleased. I will send you a story, and I hope you will like it. I will close with love to the members of the T. D. C. I will close. I remain as ever a member. JULIA BULLITT. Big Stone Gap, Va.

Dear Editor-I received my prize and am very much pleased. I will send you a story, and I hope you will like it. I will close with love to the members of the T. D. C. I will close. I remain as ever a member. JULIA BULLITT. Big Stone Gap, Va.

### THE PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The charade by A. Ruth Harris: Onion. Vegetables. The charade by Agatha Walker: Amazon-River. The charade by Mamie Averett: Yesterday.

By GERTRUDE HUGHES.

No. 1121 Bainbridge Street, Manchester, Va.

To illustrated acrostic-Memorial Day.

1. Lifeline; 2. Isabelle; 3. Alfred; 4. Bertha; 5. Ruby; 6. Agnes; 7. Edith; 8. Anna; 9. Henry; 10